

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LX.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883.

NUMBER 21.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

ESTABLISHED 1817. The only paper published by the Wesleyan Association. It is a religious and literary journal, and is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sold by subscription, and is sent free to all ministers of the Wesleyan Church.

Specimen Copies Free.

### ONLY.

BY EDEN H. REEFORD.

Only a little more climbing,  
And then the heights are won,  
And rest we have longed and toiled for,  
Is ours, and labor done.

Only a heart that trusteth  
The promise of rest to be,  
With never a doubt of the heaven  
Our blind eyes cannot see.

Only a faith unflinching,  
Like that of a little child,  
And the day will not seem dreary,  
Although the way is wild.

Only a little sorrow  
Before the end of tears,  
Only an earthly sorrow,  
And then heaven's happy years.

### SUGGESTIONS FROM A STEAM- WHISTLE.

BY REV. MARCUS D. BUCKLE.

A good dozen of them this very morning are blowing through the streets of the city their hoarse, direful, judgment-day music. Theirs is a sound, indeed, that has gone out through all the earth. On the giddy summit of the Great Pyramid, the stillness of the desert air is stirred by the deep bass of the distant Nile steamer; a reverie on Nazareth's flower-studded hill-top is disturbed by the puffings of a steam grist-mill in the village below. Verily, no fairy horn of old-land is this latter-day diaphanous, startling leviathan at dead of night in mid-ocean, and shaking our skies at noonday, but it is, nevertheless, altogether worthy a laureate's muse. This bottled thunder, got down out of heaven some fifty years since, and let forth on New England shores morning and evening, for want of cathedral chimes, fitly proclaims the might and dignity of the modern machinist. For him is a character of such moment and significance that even Moses is at pains to trace him back to Tubal-cain, the "instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," and to give him equal if not superior rank with Jabal, one of the fathers of agriculture.

Great is the machinist! He makes even Jabal ten-fold more of a Jabal. He furnishes him with steel plows and mowing-machines, with reapers and steam threshers, with hay-forks and wire fences. He hauls his grain thousands of miles to market across mountains and seas for a few cents a bushel. He drops a newspaper every morning on his horse-block. He runs a Springfield gas-machine on his premises, and sets up a telephone in his dining-room. Everywhere in this great land of ours we encounter his shadow. Far to the north an expedition tries to pierce the Pole. It was a son of Tubal-cain who built the machine that made the very walls that hold the hull of the vessel together, who shaped on his planer the parts of the engine that drives the steamer's screw. His arm is discernible in the smoke that curls from ten thousand factory chimneys. With him, more than with merchant, lawyer, physician or clergyman, we have to do. He devised the tireless courier that brings our daily mail, the little clicking instrument that summons us hundreds of miles away to festival or funeral. His is no mean part in the where-withal of our clothing; the shears that clipped the fleece, the gins, jacks, cards and looms that made ready the fabric—whence came they but from his teeming brain? He conceived the magic that sewed our shoes, ran up the seams of our garments, nay, that struck the coins and printed the very bank-notes in our hands. He set up the stone that finds the lenses of our spectacles and the blade that shaves the bearded face. To him we are indebted for that feckish contrivance with which

the dentist bores our teeth, and drives home into the aching void his pellets of gold. In sickness we lie on a spring-bed of his making, and take medicine from a silver spoon struck out in one of his drop presses. If we die, the shovel he manufactured shall scoop out a place for us, and the chisel and hammer he shaped carve our name and age above us. Well, then, did Isaiah, in that gallery of representative men he gives us in his third chapter, put side by side with the man of war, the judge, the prophet, and the eloquent orator, "the cunning artificer."

Now, the sound of the machinist's apocalyptic steam-trumpet is more than a mere summons to work. It is a proclamation of the hiding of old truths in new parables. The machine-shop is to the careful eye no mean school of theology. The main shaft overhead, running at full speed, argues inevitably a motive force in some far-off room. Planers, lathes and drills, cutting bars of steel as if they were bars of soap, lead the mind irresistibly to a presumptive engine or turbine wheel. In old Athens once the writer, seeing a wood-turner working at his lathe, grew curious about the motive power, and looking behind a screen, saw a man turning a crank. So, argues human instinct, there must be behind the veil an adequate, that is to say, a personal, Cause for the splendid phenomena of life and creation all about us. The machinist's argument for the existence of a God, is, in fact, the very one that Jesus chose for convincing the imprisoned John of the reality of Messiah's presence in the world. He merely sent back reliable testimony as to certain effects. The effects accepted would infallibly convince as to the reality of the cause.

The drawings and specifications for a machine to be built and set up per chance in the Mississippi valley for a man whom our artisan has never seen, take thought on wing to divine plans for human nature, old as the foundation of the world and running on into a realm that no mortal eye has scanned. In the face of this metal under the tool of the planer, our prophet in overall sees a picture: A bucketful of ore coming up out of a dark and muddy mine, endowed somehow with a glimpse of the plans that lie before it—to be one day essential part and parcel of the machinery of a great factory, or of a telegraph cable throbbing under the seas with the thoughts of a world, or a driving-wheel of a locomotive flying with glorious speed before a trainful of men—shouting back good-byes to its native bed, as it soars towards the sunlight and its strange destiny. He remembers the inspired sayings of Peter and John: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him." "Know ye not that we shall judge angels?"

Even the sooty foundry enacts a pantomime of sacred and precious truth. The heaps of pig-iron, uncouth and shapeless, and of scrap, rusty, broken, rejected and cast under the hammer of the foundry, are the patterns of our soul God's foundry contains—Abrahams, Josephs, Moseses, Jobs, Isaiahs, Peters, Pauls—what celestial prototypes of men with clean hands and pure hearts! What wondrous transformations of scrap-iron human nature into columns of beauty and strength for the temple of the living God! What miraculous changes of uncomely and verdigrised material into far-sounding and jubilant bells for its towers!

The terrific steam-hammer, whose thunderous blows shake the ground far and wide, gives to certain truths about man an emphasis none too massive. The right arm of the smith, sinewy as it is, could little more than dent the ponderous bar of white-hot steel. But armed with this veritable hammer of Thor, the huge shaft is for him but a nail rod. When will unregenerate men learn the parable of the steam hammer? When will they learn that they can never beat down Satan under their

feet, and reduce their crude Adamanture to Christian shape by the tack-hammer strokes of good resolutions? When will they discover the exceeding greatness of the power that is waiting to serve them in the indwelling Spirit?

The devout David, in the heartiness of his joy in God, summoned everything that had breath to help swell his symphony of praise. I presume he would have made no exception of the deafening steam-whistle. May not the thoughtful Christian find its hot-breath'd monotone almost as suggestive and musical as the sound of hammer and saw, heard eighteen hundred years ago at a turn in the street of a Galilean village, hard by the home of the Artisan of Nazareth? *Hartford, Conn.*

### SOUTHERNMOST INDIA.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

With South India—through the Conference so named, or misnamed—the Methodist public is somewhat acquainted. But of Southernmost India, the part of the country below Madras, it has very little knowledge. So far as I could ascertain by careful inquiry during a recent tour there, I was the first representative, lay or clerical, of the M. E. Church to penetrate that region. Yet it contains by far the greater part of all the native Christians in the land; it is the seat of the first Protestant missionary effort—Tranquebar, where those noble Danes, Fiegenbald and Plutschow, labored at the beginning of the last century; it has the old Hindoo capitals, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Madras, where the hugest temples of India have reared their heads for many hundred years; and here are situated those famous missions of Tinnevely and Travancore whose success is such an inspiration to the Christian world. It is a place well worth visiting, and if my most cordial reception by missionaries of all churches and nationalities be a fair sample of the welcome travelers in general there receive, they need have no fear of venturing on the hospitality of the inhabitants.

A railway, recently completed, runs down the coast from Madras as far as Tuticorin, which is the point of departure for Ceylon, and Palamcottah, which is the headquarters of the district of Tinnevely; so that the tour thus far is attended with little difficulty and small cost. To reach the native State of Travancore, which embraces Cape Comorin at the extreme south and a section of territory on the west coast, one has to proceed at present by "bullock baidy," or, in other words, an ox-cart, which mode of locomotion is neither luxurious nor expeditious, to say nothing of the expense. The journey of fifty miles between Palamcottah and Nagercoil, occupied me sixteen hours, much of it under a boiling sun and over a road whose pre-eminence for inequalities it would be difficult to dispute. But a railway has already been projected along this route, and in a few years visitors will find their way made easy.

The scenery is not remarkable, and yet a dweller in the flat, monotonous plains of the Ganges valley is very pleasantly impressed with the agreeable diversity of this southern land. Rocks and hills and mountains are abundant. The Pulneys, the Shirumaleys, the Shervaroys, the Neigherries, and the various ridges and spurs of the Western Ghats effectively break up the dead level of the landscape, and lend their peculiar charm to the view at almost all points. They are invaluable helps to the health of the country. So is also the sea breeze, which blows in refreshingly over the land much of the time, in striking contrast to the hot winds which desolate for some months the northern plains. The crops one sees are chiefly rice, and the coarser grains or millets which form the staple food of the people. In the rich river bottoms two crops of rice a year are reaped, and sometimes three. Plantains greatly abound. The graceful cocoa-nut palm is seen everywhere, sometimes in avenues of wondrous beauty. The toddy-palm, or palmyra, also characterizes the sea-coast regions and

grows most plentifully in the barren sands which will produce nothing else. The cactus is also plentiful, and forms the universal hedge along the railway lines. In the south, as in the north, the banyan, the peepul and the castor-oil plant flourish. At Madras is a magnificent banyan tree, which has been long under training and is already equal to a considerable grove, but it is not quite so large as the famous one in the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta. There is also a remarkable tree very frequently seen on the hillsides which has the exact shape of an umbrella.

To get a general view of the country no better place can be found than the famous Trichinopoly Rock, which rises abruptly, in the form of a lion couchant, in the midst of the city, some 270 feet, and commands one of the finest panoramas in the world. The flat roofs of the compact town, with thatched villages in the outskirts, are at one's feet; on one side stretches the broad, sandy bed of the river Kavery, wherein a narrow stream feebly meanders. Connected with the town by a long stone bridge is the island of Shrirangam, with its two vast temples to Vishnu and Shiva. Extensive fields of plantains, rich groves of palms, square patches of rice and grain, together with more broken and less cultivated lands, reach away into the distance. A range of mountains fills the horizon on one side, while isolated rocks rise here and there in every direction. The morning sun bathes the hills in light, and floating clouds fling down their shadows on the plain.

This prospect certainly pleases, and makes one all the more regret that the men whose handiwork enters into it are so slow to give up their villenous. I was surprised to find that Hindooism seems even more firmly entrenched and more haughtily defiant here than in the north. Caste certainly has a stronger hold upon the people, the Brahmins are prouder, and the pagodas are more imposing than one sees elsewhere. The one at Trichinopoly is a regular municipality; within its enormous walls three thousand Brahmin families live. Walls within walls, and gates within gates (some of the latter 150 feet high), all of solid stone most cunningly carved and richly ornamented, lead up to the inmost sacred shrines under gold-covered domes. The temple at Madras resounds with the noise of workmen for the last twenty years have the most extensive repairs and improvements and additions been going on, at enormous cost, and they are only about half completed. Great gifts from wealthy bankers pour in continually, and the temple will be a marvel of solidity and completeness. The Tanjore temple is the most symmetrical and best arranged. Fronting the central shrine of Shiva is the sacred bull for him to ride upon, a huge monolith, full twenty feet high, under an immense carved canopy with many pillars. A little to one side is the shrine of Durga, his wife; and in the rear are the shrines of the two sons, Ganesh and Kartikega. The courts here are not covered, as at Madras and Trichinopoly, but are wholly open to the sky, and the highest tower, instead of being over the gateway, is over the inner shrine, which is said to be the most ancient style—that of the Chola kings in the eleventh century, when these great temples were built.

But if, on the one hand, the huge pagodas well endowed with fertile lands and filled with votive offerings, the many idol cars decked with gorgeous trappings, the groves defiled with mammoth images or serpent heads in stone, and the closed ranks of the haughty Brahmins, tend to strike the Christian observer with dismay, on the other hand there are many encouraging and inspiring sights. A line of Christian institutions, beginning with the famous Christian College in Madras—which is hardly surpassed in all India, and certainly not equaled in South India even by the wealthy government schools—well planted and ably manned, have taken strong possession of the land, and are yearly strengthening their hold upon it. Great stress is laid upon schools in this part of the country; the boys flock to them in thousands, and large

influence is gained. It is a source of much cheer, also, to see the immense churches which the large numbers of native Christians render necessary. The four largest buildings of this kind in India are found at Nagercoil in Travancore, and at Megnanapuram, Edeyengudy and Palamcottah in Tinnevely. Two of these I saw; and in one of them, the largest of all, at Nagercoil, I had the privilege of preaching both in Tamil, through an interpreter, and in English. This church has an ordinary congregation of eight or nine hundred, but with the seats taken out and the people seated, native fashion, on the floor, as many as twenty-five hundred have been put in. But the most remarkable thing about it is, that its foundations were laid, the present size, more than sixty years ago by an enthusiastic young missionary who had no native Christians about him except two or three servants, but who saw, with the strong eye of a confident faith, the future multitudes and builded for their need.

Nearly 60,000 Christians are in the care of the evangelical Church Missionary Society in Tinnevely, and some 40,000 more pertain to the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; while in South Travancore over 40,000 have been gathered in by the agents of the catholic-spirited London Missionary Society. These churches, as well as those in the Madras district under the care of the American Board, have now in the lapse of many years, and as the result of strenuous, persistent effort on the part of the missionaries, become mostly self-supporting. The Church Missionary Society has felt justified in withdrawing all its missionaries, except three who have charge of institutions at Palamcottah, and good Bishop Sargent who exercises close supervision of all, and whose elevation to the bishopric has certainly not impaired one whit the simplicity and humility of his nature. The Christians are mostly from the Shanars, or palmyra climbers, and other low classes who have very little connection with the strictly Hindoo or caste portion of the people; so that the influence of these large numbers of converts on the community in general is not so great as might be supposed. Very few of the Brahmins, or other high castes, have been brought over. And it will apparently be a long time yet before any very extensive changes take place even in this region of the long-continued endeavor. There is pressing need of a revival among the Christians. If a godly number of the ministry and laity were to get really baptized with the Holy Ghost and with power, then indeed large results might speedily ensue. But of this to human eyes the prospect is not bright. Yet, of course, it may come. At present the chief work, perhaps, that is being done, is the training and solidifying of the native church; and this, of course, is of highest importance and an essential preparation for safe enlargement in the future.

I could but feel, as I surveyed these missions, that great and prosperous as they are, and well able in some things to be our instructors, they would be improved by an infusion of the peculiar elements comprehended in the two words, "American Methodist." I could but believe that when we had been in our field, Oudh and Rohilkhand, as long as they have been in theirs, we should be able to show even larger numbers, better welded together in a compact, efficient organism, and more aggressive. It seemed to me that we of the north had no reason to be ashamed or discouraged at our record when compared with the older missions of the south. In Sunday-school work, and woman's work, and temperance work, we already take a decided lead, and in other directions we are doing creditably well. Our people are poorer than those in the south, as well as younger; so that it would be very unreasonable to look yet for as large a development in the direction of self-support. But our policy is right in this regard, and we are doing as much, probably, as could fairly be expected.

Let the church at home not grow disheartened if progress for awhile longer be slow, nor lose faith at all if the long-expected dawning of the golden epoch of large harvesting seems to tarry. Impatience is an easily besetting sin in this matter, against which there should be perpetual warning. It will pay to labor and to wait. When the deep springs of love and loyalty to Christ are rightly moved, there will be no inclination to look backward or stand still in this missionary enterprise, but a mighty purpose to push forward the battle with ever-fresh resolve, sure that the thorough victory, however long delayed, will certainly come in God's good time.

April, 1883.

### JOTTINGS FROM PITTSBURG.

BY REV. O. W. SCOTT.

To one visiting this city for the first time, as he looks out from the dome of the city hall, or from the high bluff on the south bank of the Monongahela, there comes the impression that the city of Pittsburgh (and Allegheny) is being consumed by a sweeping conflagration. Not so, for this is the "smoky city," and what you witness to-day is the "normal condition" of this busy town.

Harry Raven, a little Arapahoe Indian pupil at Carlisle, was visiting Pittsburgh awhile since, and after his return, in an essay on "A Trip to Pittsburgh," said, "The smoke of the city proves that its inhabitants are not lazy." The denizens of this section will have to wait some time before they get a neater and brighter compliment than was given by this "little savage," and that they fully appreciate. But from your outlook on "Mt. Washington," four hundred feet above the river level, you say, "Surely the inhabitants will suffocate in these dark and dense volumes of smoke that go up from a thousand chimneys." Nay, they are so thoroughly "cured" they do not notice it, and by actual statistics, Pittsburgh stands second in the health record of all the cities of the United States.

This would seem to prove that smoke is healthy, and yet with all this "smudge," the average Pittsburgher is not satisfied; for the consumption of cigars here is enormous. On every side the smoke of our torment ascendeth. Allegheny is the "Brooklyn" of Pittsburgh, and but for this superabundance of carbon would be a delightful place of residence. As it is, by reserving wide tracts for parks, the city takes on a very respectable appearance—I mean, "as it were," for we cannot fail to observe the dingy color of all the buildings, especially those of hewn stone, which were originally of light color, but now are "as black as it stoves."

Methodism here stands high, and represents great wealth and large social influence. There are in these cities, whose aggregate population is about 225,000, thirty-three Methodist churches, with an aggregate membership (with probationers) of 7,374.

Your correspondent spent a very delightful Sabbath here May 6, listening in the morning to Rev. C. A. Holmes, D. D., of the Butler St. Church, and in the evening to Rev. T. J. Leak (formerly of Buffalo), at the North Avenue Church, Allegheny. Dr. Holmes is a leading member of this Conference, knows how to preach a good sermon, is a fine rhetorician, and socially is a most agreeable companion, knowing many good stories; and he can tell them well. The membership of his church is about 550, and all departments of his Sunday-school aggregate 800—the largest in the city. Dr. H. has been in these cities at the leading churches for about twelve years. He is a member of the Board of Control of Allegheny College. Bro. Leak is drawing immense audiences of young people, and is giving a series of lecture-sermons of Sabbath evenings on popular subjects. That on "Marriage" we were privileged to hear, and this delicate subject was carefully, yet faithfully and fearlessly, treated.

Dr. W. B. Watkins, at old Smithfield St. Church, which dates back to 1817, is meeting with his usual success, while Bro. McGuire of Arch St., Allegheny, is demonstrating what satisfactory work may be done by a man of years, who is full of vigor and enterprise.

Christ Church probably ranks highest in wealth and social standing of any among the Methodist. This society worship in an elegant structure on Penn Avenue. Since Dr. Ramsay was transferred to Detroit, they have been "supplied," waiting for—a coming man. Rumor says it is Rev. Mr. Hirst, of Columbus, O.

Rev. J. S. Bracken officiates at Emory Church, and here is where our old friend and schoolmate, Joseph D. Weeks, worships. Mr. Weeks was formerly from Lowell, Mass. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University, class '69. He is now one of the editors of the *Iron Age*, at a large salary. He goes with his family to Europe this season.

Monday morning, May 7, I had the privilege of attending the Preachers'

Meeting. About forty were present. The question under discussion, "Should there be any change in the matter of church certificates?" was debated with great earnestness, after a well-written essay had been read by Rev. T. H. Wilkinson. Remarks were made by Drs. Miller and Holmes, and others, and the conviction was that great care should be exercised with reference to granting church certificates, and that possibly some General Conference action should be taken, more clearly defining the pastor's duty.

I met an old friend from Boston in Dr. Holmes' study, and I will here record the name—ZION'S HERALD. It came like a benediction to hear my host say, "ZION'S HERALD is the best paper published in the Methodist Church, and if we feel so, what must it be to you, who are acquainted in New England, and interested in the church news?" And this brings to mind the fact that the *Pittsburg Advocate* is just now the recipient of some hard hits, with reference to its editorial management. Dr. Wheeler is a very pleasant gentleman and an able writer, but the paper, according to many in this vicinity, "fails to measure up to the religious journalism demanded by the times." Collector Dravo of this city—a Methodist layman of much intellectual acumen, has recently sharply attacked the management of the *Advocate*, and the editor has warmly replied. The principal complaint appears to be a lack of "news from the churches." Well, we have but one piece of advice to give to all parties—"Take ZION'S HERALD for your model." For "Conference notes" the *HERALD* cannot be excelled.

Owing to the presence of the Board of Bishops, this is a great week for Pittsburgh Methodism. Thursday evening two grand mass-meetings were held. The one in Pittsburgh, at Smithfield St. Church, was addressed by Bishops Hurst and Andrews, and that in Allegheny, at North Avenue, by Bishops Bowman and Foss. These were delightful occasions. Thursday evening, Bishop Warren lectured before the Pittsburgh C. L. S. C. (the largest in the country), at Christ Church, on his trip to Europe. It was a scholarly production, out of the ruts, beautiful, comprehensive, thrilling. New England may well be proud of Bishop Warren. The audience was large, and the proceeds were for the colored work in the South. Bishop Warren has been lecturing in this interest much of late, and only about one thousand dollars remain to be provided for; and I prophesy that before this episcopal week ends, Methodism in Pittsburgh will take the balance.

Friday evening a "reception" was tendered the Bishops, and, altogether, was of a very delightful character; and yet, Mr. Editor, having attended the last reception extended the Bishops in Boston, I, of course, could not help making a comparison, and—well—it was a little in favor of the "Hub." Rev. C. W. Smith, presiding elder of Pittsburgh district, made the address of welcome, and it was a model of its kind; and Bishops Simpson and Bowman responded. Bishop Foss, much to the regret of all, did not feel able to be present. As he had consented to preach on the Sabbath, he needed to husband his strength for that occasion.

Yesterday (Sabbath) the day opened cool and beautiful, not a cloud of vapor and hardly a cloud of smoke, for the furnaces were "banked." It was a memorable day for Pittsburgh Methodism. The Bishops occupied the various pulpits, and all the members of our denomination seemed to turn out and listen to them.

The most noteworthy gathering of the morning was assembled at Smithfield Street Church. Bishop Simpson officiated, and discoursed with his usual power and pathos on the "Day of Pentecost." He closed with some personal reminiscences of a local character. Fifty years ago he preached his first sermon in this city in a church standing on the site of the edifice in which he spoke yesterday. He referred to a great revival under his pastorate here, where three hundred were converted. There were only three persons present yesterday who heard the first sermon of the then young pastor. He closed with a stirring exhortation to all to be filled with the Holy Ghost. This was a most interesting "semi-centennial" to the Bishop and his auditors.

A tremendous "union" meeting was held at Library Hall on Penn Avenue at 3 p. m., addressed by Bishop Warren. The hall will seat 1,600, but not less than 2,500 were crowded into the place, every available nook being occupied, and it was estimated that at least 1,500 were turned away. "It was the largest congregation," said one, "that Pittsburgh has seen in a score of years." Not only Methodists were there, but Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Catholics. Bishop Warren discoursed eloquently and learnedly on "The Dominion of Man" (Gen. 1:36). Bishop Foss offered a prayer such as might come from the lips of one who had nearly entered the "swellings of Jordan." It was a great day. Space forbids a longer report. The Bishops leave the city for their homes this morning.

May 14, 1883.



# Miscellaneous.

## SHIPWRECK OF FAITH.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

The Apostle Paul used a powerful figure when he compared apostasy to shipwreck. He knew, by experience, the force of the metaphor. "Thrice was I shipwrecked," a night and a day have I been in the deep." He had experienced the horrors of being a "castaway." "Holding fast faith and a good conscience" ensures a successful life-voyage. To put away "faith and a good conscience" is, "concerning the faith," to make shipwreck. Following out the Apostle's analogy, faith—the entire body of Christian doctrine and practice—becomes the craft on which the human soul embarks for the voyage. Conscience is the compass. Clarke makes conscience "the pilot." It is a poor metaphor. The pilot, as the ship nears or leaves port, is one whose authority is above conscience, who guides conscience, one who gives conscience hourly direction.

Sunday-school ditty-writers put Christ at the helm, and sometimes even the Almighty himself, with the same ignorant and profane presumption that leads Romish painters to represent God as an old man in their pictures of the Trinity. Neither captain, pilot, or sailing master, ever, personally, touches helm or wheel. That is left to subordinates. To our thinking the Will is the helmsman of the life-raft; the Good Spirit the sailing master; the Understanding the chief officer; the crew, the Passions; the Imagination sometimes a deck hand, and sometimes a troublesome passenger.

The sight is magnificent as a young life casts off and fills away for a long voyage! Faith in self, in humanity, in revelation, in God, are the "planks" on which mortal man embarks his all for time and eternity. We sigh involuntarily as we think of the dangers to which this noble hull is to be exposed—dangers from within, from without, from ignorance, insubordination, collisions, squalls, tornadoes, inattention to God's great chart, the Bible, where the best routes are accurately laid down; where open-ocean, shallow-sea and coast dangers are charted with a knowledge and skill infinitely superior to Lieutenant Maury's.

On this chart the voyager will find the rock—brother-murder—on which Cain, the Jason of life-navigators, wrecked. He will discover the shoals—falsehood and deception—where Jacob's bark scraped its keel. He will note the sunken rocks—adultery and murder—that stove a hole in David's royal barge that nothing but a miracle saved from settling to the bottom. He will trace the course and fury of the Gennesaret white squall which nearly capsized Peter, old pilot and fisherman as he was. He will mark the frowning headland—covetousness—where Judas went ashore and perished in the darkness and breakers. He may learn here the strength and direction of the social tides, maelstrom-currents, gulf streams, Amazon and Mississippi, on the ocean surface, circling Sargasso seas of opinion, fashion and folly that drift the mariner insensibly out of his course, bewilder him and lead him to destruction.

The chart is perfect, but knowledge of it is often imperfect, and the application of knowledge more imperfect still. The compass is indispensable, but is liable to get out of order. The needle is subject to variations which it is necessary to know, and of which, in voyaging, it is needful to take constant account. Too much iron affects the magnetic needle. Too much of another metal in the life cargo sways compass from the pole-star truth. Electricity sometimes destroys the polarity of the needle, so that its poles are absolutely reversed, falsifying the mariner's course entirely. So, some lightning stroke of misfortune may pervert conscience, and cause it to indicate a course quite the opposite of right. As there may be good compasses and poor ones, correct or inaccurate, so the Bible tells us of good, perfect consciences, truthful and guiding; so it speaks also of weak and evil consciences, perverted and untrustworthy. A good instrument is of first importance; diligent use of it an equal necessity. Day and night, during the entire voyage, must the steersman's eye be fixed upon the compass. It marks the right if it be good and in good order, and if its direction be hourly indicated by the divine Master. Let the needle give inaccurate direction by day, or let the light in the binnacle go out by night, and danger is not far off.

Another indispensable to successful voyaging is the "watch." On shipboard some eye is always, un-

sleeping. Day and night alike are divided into watches. How important the watch is to the life-voyage, is evident from the command issued by the great Captain to His first shipped crew: "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch!" Intermitt the watch for a single hour, and it is at the imminent peril of ship and cargo!

The dangers of the open ocean lead the ignorant and cowardly to hug the shore. To the inexperienced, the belt between the rocking deep and the solid land appears to be the place for safety; it is lined with dangers. Coast dangers are more dreaded by the mariner than those of the broad main. Fear, ignorance and human caution creep in sight of land, along the coast line of expediency. The real sailor asks for a "sea-room." Confiding in God, the brave stand boldly out of sight of land, sailing where heaven-directed conscience leads. Relying on chart, compass and the guiding spirit, we are to head for the boundless, assured that whatever we may encounter, we are on the right course. The sun may be veiled by clouds for days together, we may not be able to get an observation, but like the mariner we may sail by "dead reckoning," confident that all will be well in the end. The waves of trouble raised by tempests that sweep occasionally or periodically over the social state, tax courage and strength to the utmost, and we are ready, disheartened, to drop the helm and let the ship drive before the gale. We should remember that sea-waves, like fire, are good servants, but bad masters; the way to conquer them is to show no fear of them. To meet and overcome billows that run mountains high, it is only necessary to steer straight for them with a brave heart and a firm hand. Though they rise like Alpine peaks, threatening to engulf, head directly for them, and the tiniest bark glides over their summits in safety. Columbus and the Pinzons traversed the Atlantic in fishing smacks, and pleasure yachts have done the same. The smallest craft is safe so long as it obeys the rudder. Get frightened and lose steerage way, and you are lost. With her rudder out of order, the Great Eastern, leviathan of ships, rolled in the trough of the sea as helpless as a cock-boat.

O ye fearful ones! timid, shrinking souls, affrighted at the power of ocean lashed to fury by howling winds, you who are terrified by the roaring and rocking of the waters of social strife, persecution, misfortune, temptation, affliction, distress, remember that your only safety is to encounter fearlessly the mad billows. Their mountain summits may threaten to topple down and overwhelm you, but at the moment of greatest apparent danger you glide smoothly over their bowed crests, sink safely into their yawning valleys, and rise again out of their dark sepulchres as gracefully as the petrel and albatross skim over the valleys and ridges of the ocean landscape, untroubled by its wildest commotion. The only safety, Christian, for your tempest-tossed bark, is to head for the threatening billows bow on!

Storms are less to be feared than calms. In the storm we make headway. "If I were going to China," said a sea-seasoned friend to me in Philadelphia in 1854, as I was about to embark for the Celestial Empire, "if I were going to China, I should like to go in a storm all the way." His remark seemed strange to me then, but when he had lain becalmed in the equatorial doldrums for weeks together, and afterward down two hundred miles a day under shortened sail for four days together, in a gale in the Indian Ocean, the reason for his wish became lucidly apparent. In a calm all is idleness, stupor and neglect. In the social storm, as in the physical, every one is on the alert, no eye sleeps, no hand slackens its diligence, every power is nerved, every energy is at its post of duty, every ear catches the voice of the Commander as it rings out from the trumpet heard and heeded amid the wildest shriekings of the blast. It is in times of peace, in shoal waters, on "soundings," within sight of green headlands and archipelagoes of fairy islands, that we relax our vigilance and go "ashore." The smoothest surfaces conceal rocks that lie in wait for the unwary mariner and visit him with sudden and terrible disasters. The most fearful social shipwrecks are sometimes the quietest. Tempests are fearful, but less to be dreaded than deceitful calms. Voluptuous repose and cultured effeminacy are more to be deprecated by the Christian than storms that call into play all his energies and tax to its utmost the manhood of man.

The coasts of maritime countries are lined with wrecks, the ribs and skeletons half buried in sand, or bleaching on rocks like the ribs and skeletons of the giant saurians of the pre-historic ages, while the ocean depths are floored with rich cargoes which the voracious waters have swallowed up. Around us, on every hand, lie social wrecks—wrecks of character, reputation, fortune, hopes, religious professions. Nothing can be said of a man so indicative of utter hopelessness as the common remark, "He has made a perfect wreck of himself." Such are the inebriate, the gambler, the debauchee, the backslidden professor of religion, and a hundred other forms of social destruction. The unfortunate commander who loses a vessel, though it be by the fury of the elements and not by any fault of his own, is seldom trusted with another. "Concerning faith" each man has one craft, and only one, to manage; if he loses that, he loses all; it is his only hope for time and for eternity. The wreck of "faith" is the wreck of his prospects forever!

[Concluded next week.]

## BOOKS.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

A thoroughly good book is a public benefactor. The world is full of writings, and our libraries grow in bulk, but not always in real value. Books to be useful in the highest degree should meet some present exigency in society. We need tools adapted to the work of the times. There are some works that can never be supplanted; they are standards for every age; but such books are rare indeed. A book is useful that antagonizes wisely and successfully some prevailing error, exploding its fallacies and overthrowing its superficial conclusions.

I have been deeply impressed in my work as a pastor with the value of two books, and hope to confer a benefit on some of our young ministers by calling attention to them. They treat of the relations of culture and morality to the doctrines of depravity and true religion, and have found them very helpful to a rational understanding of these important problems.

The first book is called "Natural Goodness," written by Rev. T. F. Randolph Mercet, published by our Book Concern and for sale at our Boston Depository. It is not a new book, having been first issued about 1850. The author was a young clergyman in our church who died soon after its publication, but if he accomplished no more than the production of that work, his life has not been in vain. Fortunately I had my attention called to it in my early life and read it with great profit and increasing interest. It treats the doctrine of human depravity as correlated with the graces of culture and morality. It is a most exhaustive and candid presentation of all that is beautiful and excellent in the natural virtues of mankind, and a rational explanation of their origin and office in the economy of redemption. It grants much to the moralist, but does not abate a particle the strength of the evangelical statement of human depravity. It accepts and defends the stern declarations of the Bible on this point in a manner that cannot fail to carry the judgment of the candid reader.

We need as ministers to study carefully this subject, lest we err in our presentations of this doctrine, or injuriously set it aside as false. For without a rational explanation of many of the facts we meet with in intercourse with moral men, we are liable to be perplexed by what we see. It is undeniable that we do have many persons in our congregations whose lives are replete with beautiful qualities—qualities that seem to be real Christian graces—and yet who make no profession whatever to live by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. How to reconcile these facts with the doctrine of depravity, taxes the ability and insight of many, and becomes a peril to young ministers who have not yet thought deeply on the problems of life and duty. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of them through doubt of their validity. This book will help all such. It is a powerful presentation of the whole case. It is written, also, in a style peculiarly attractive. It is clear, forceful, rhetorical, evidencing a mind of extraordinary brilliancy and logical power. Its sentences illuminate, convince and fascinate the reader. It can be read to give us new vigor in the full presentation of one of our cardinal doctrines.

The second book is called "Culture and Religion in Some of its Relations." Its author is J. C. Sharp, Hurl & Houghton, publishers. It is a faithful analysis of some of the spurious views of modern education. Society is in danger of being infected with false views of culture. A certain species is being fostered on the public which regards Christianity as effete and outgrown. Prof. Sharp has dissected this new system of education with a master hand, compared its principles with those of a Christian, and has given the reader a clear insight into the results of his investigations. He has not busied himself with superficial processes, but has gone directly to the heart of things. He uncovers the hidden springs of motive, feeling and character in a way so luminous that the reader cannot fail to see the deficiencies of all culture that falls short of the summits of Christian love.

Both these books are small in size and inexpensive. The great benefit I have experienced from repeated readings emboldens me to make these statements, feeling assured that my young ministerial friends will be amply repaid if they will purchase and study them.

## FRENCH CANADIANS AND METHODISM IN ILLINOIS.

BY P. H. SEABER.

Kankakee County, Illinois, located from forty-five to sixty-five miles south of Chicago, contains one of the early and principal centres of French Canadian settlement in the Western United States. Some of the race were here as Indian traders before the country was regularly opened to white settlement, and were among the first to make choice of selections of land as soon as whites were permitted to acquire title. They were followed by many of their countrymen, and as they retain their home characteristics of marrying early and rearing large families, they become a large and important element in the population of the country, in some townships an absolute majority.

They are fairly enterprising and industrious, owing a large share of the property and filling various situations, county offices, leading mercantile positions, and the various professional, mechanical and agricultural occupations. The younger generation usually learn English, and assimilate perhaps as readily as any nationality speaking a foreign mother-tongue and professing what, to a majority of natives, is an alien religion.

They have already sent out strong colonies to Kansas and Dakota, and are still numerous enough to hold their position at home. It was to the principal French settlement in this county that Father Chiniquy was sent from Canada many years ago, already a noted apostle of total abstinence, though still a regular Romish priest. Here occurred his revolt against the hierarchy, and his union with the Presbyterian Church, first of the United States, but subsequently with the church in Canada. He carried with him many followers, and there are still in the county French Presbyterian and Baptist churches, directly or indirectly the result of his course.

Still, the movement seems in a great measure to have spent its force so far as winning converts from Rome is concerned, leaving the "great mass" of Frenchmen within the bounds of Holy Mother Church. No other body in this county builds and fills so large churches in small, out-of-the-way towns as the French Catholics. No other maintain so large and costly sectarian schools. They are, doubtless, greatly modified from the meek *habitants* of Quebec, and some of their visitors from the Dominion have remarked that there are no real Catholics among the younger French people, so much independence have they gained by their emigration.

The Methodist Church has reached and brought in some individuals through her regular English services, and has contributed her share to influence the masses, so that one of the Catholic priests on one occasion denounced a portion of his parishioners as "Methodist Catholics." Father Chiniquy himself was baptized by a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting conducted by Mrs. Van Cott, after he had been for years a Presbyterian pastor, giving as a reason for asking it that he had long doubted whether the Church of Rome was a branch of the Christian Church, and had at last reached the conclusion that she was not, and consequently her ordinances were invalid.

But it is only lately that our church has engaged in regular and systematic work for the French especially. One of the presiding elders, whose district embraces a part of the county, has for some time been employing Rev. N. W. Devenant, who has been preaching in French at various points, and has organized one or two societies. The work is still in its incipient stage, and results can be better understood at a later date, but it promises well, and we may reasonably hope that many will be led into the full liberty of the children of God.

## THE RUN TEST.

One of the most common questions asked concerning young men who are starting out in life, either business or professional, is, "Will they succeed? Can they stand the test?" In professional life this test is far different from that required in business or mechanical life. The aspirant for honors at the bar, in the pulpit, or with the pill and pellet, knows comparatively little of the standards by which a man of business is tested, and vice versa. The knowledge of each is properly limited to his own work.

There is, however, one test to which all men, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the talented and the ignorant, are subjected—the test of liquor-drinking. My object in this article is to give a brief account of the workings of the run test on my friends from boyhood until now.

I am a young man with a quarter of a century of time to my credit. Like all Americans, I have been a true democrat in my associates, and all the varied influences of affluence and poverty, goodness and badness, knowledge and ignorance, have had their effect in forming my character and shaping my destiny. About the only test that has not been applied to me, is that of liquor drinking.

Although I agree with Dr. Peabody of Harvard, that the temperate use of liquor is a greater virtue than the total abstinence from its use, I never cared to prove the principle experimentally. I have seen it tried too many times. Had I the ability of a Milton or a Dante, it would hardly suffice to portray the physical suffering and terrible anguish that have been endured by the few friends of mine and their friends and relatives as a result of this dreadful run test.

cent., to-day all drunkards' graves, and another sixth are in desperate straits from indulgence in the accursed habit of drink.

If, in addition to the physical ruin, we consider the amount of money squandered by these few friends of mine, we may be able to realize in some degree the grand total that day by day and year by year is worse than wasted by the devotees of King Alcohol, the most absolute and tyrannical sovereign the world has yet known. One young man, whose father was a prominent merchant in Boston, has run through a fortune of \$40,000, and to-day is working in the mines of the far West, away from home and friends and kindred, almost wishing, I think, that he had never been born, and not yet thirty years old. In a suburb of Boston is another of King Alcohol's subjects, not yet twenty-seven, a wreck morally and physically. The ten thousand dollars that his father left him now jingle in the pockets of Boston rumsellers who scorn to even notice him.

I have cited the two instances above because from my youth up I have known both of these young men intimately, and many times have, with human short-sightedness, envied them their riches and wondered why I should be compelled to struggle on with such short purse-strings. The loss of money, however, is a mere trifle compared with the loss of life. Not many years ago I was one of six bearers at the funeral of a young man whose father, a Methodist minister, and whose mother, an ex-Mormon Christian woman, had done all in their power to train up their boy in the way he should go, but to no avail; the wine-cup apparently had greater influence, and he fell, another of King Alcohol's victims.

But perhaps the most terrible proof that run is only the synonym of ruin, is seen in the tragic death of another young man with whom for a short time I was quite intimately acquainted. A graduate of the New York University School of Medicine, a man of fine presence and positive ability, was Dr. P. In a town not twenty miles from Hartford, in the beautiful Connecticut valley—"the winding, willow-fringed Connecticut," as Holland calls it—he was building up a fine practice, with every prospect of successfully establishing himself. But the demon Alcohol, at whose shrine he had humbled himself many times while in college, called upon him once more to pay tribute to his power. The wine-cup lured him from his pills and prescriptions, and caused his brain to whirl, his hand to tremble. So deeply did he indulge, that in a comparatively short time the dreadful delirium seized upon him, and reason fled. Upon his recovery, a sea voyage was recommended, and fully awake to his terrible condition he embarked, leaving behind him his young and nearly heart-broken wife. On the fourth day out, by some fatal mischance, he procured liquor, and in the fit of delirium which followed he leaped overboard and was never seen again.

In this brief article I have made no pretension to literary excellence, and have written simply facts, which seem to me of interest to all, the young especially. The lesson that I desire to impress upon my readers is this, that the only safe way to apply the run test is not to apply it. I have been exposed to the same class of temptations that most of these young men have had, but I have never yet taken the first glass; and I believe it the only safe way.

SOCIETY.

## Religious Items.

The Congregational Jubilee Fund of Great Britain has reached the sum of \$1,400,000.

Morocco, peopled by the finest Moslem race in the world, is entirely closed to Christianity.

The Mennonites in this country now number 410 churches or organizations, 250 ministers, and about 50,000 communicants.

Sixty-six persons were baptized on a recent Sunday, in the Baptist Church at Canandaigua, N. Y., Rev. C. E. Hiscow, pastor.

A religious awakening more general than it has enjoyed in twenty-five years, has lately portended Yale College.

Newman Hall's church, in London, has 1,071 members. Its thirteen Sunday-schools have 5,500 children and 400 teachers.

Dr. Edward Judson is to leave his work in New York city for two or three months the coming summer, and will visit Europe.

New England Congregationalism is to have a new monthly magazine, the *Advocate Review*, to be published in Boston by private enterprise and edited by four of the Andover professors.

Prof. Paul Haupt has been appointed professor of Assyriology for three years in the University of Baltimore.

The Archdeacon of Westminster, who died on the 6th ult., at the age of eighty-five years, had held his livings for upwards of fifty years. He was the sole surviving clergyman who officiated at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. It is reported that Canon Farrar will be his successor.

Phillips Congregational Church, South Boston, Rev. E. R. Meredith, D. D., pastor, raised \$5,000 in five days for the erection of Phillips Chapel, for the accommodation of the Bay View branch of the Sunday-school, located at City Point.

Nyassa. The little craft is fifty-five feet in length and twelve feet in breadth.

In a recent country trip in Japan, Miss Clara A. Sands, with her helpers, made the largest sale of Scriptures that was ever made in that country in the same length of time. Three hundred and fifty copies of the Gospel were sold in an hour and a half, in the interval between addresses.

The Baptist Church is Owego, N. Y., Rev. L. A. Crandall, pastor, has had sixty-three additions since the first of January, and of these fifty-five were added by baptism. This season of spiritual prosperity has followed the recent payment of a debt of \$12,000.

## Our Book Table.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH; Its History, Doctrine, Worship and Constitution. Traced for Three Hundred Years, by W. D. Killen, D. D. With a Preface by John Hall, D. D. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. For sale in Boston by Estes & Lauriat. Octavo, 615 pp. Sent post-paid for \$2.00. The present edition has been thoroughly revised. The first was issued twenty years ago, and two editions have been since published. The author is president of the faculty in the Irish Assembly's College, Belfast. He is a pronounced Presbyterian, but a broad and catholic-spirited student of ecclesiastical history. The Wesleyan and Methodist churches are quite in harmony with the Presbyterian view of church polity, so far as the parity of the clergy is concerned, and as to the introduction of the lay element in the administration of the government of the churches. Dr. Killen presents a full outline of the Gospel and Apostolic history, its literature and theology, the doctrine and heresies in the apostolic age, the worship and constitution of the primitive churches. The Professor then follows down the history through the succeeding two hundred years, recording the persecutions, the growth of prelatial power, the introduction of ceremonies and sacraments, rise and development of the hierarchy, and its culmination in the Roman Church, with full description of the Catholic system and assumptions. The work, from its first issue, has been favorably received by the Nonconformist churches, and its new issue will afford an excellent volume for study and reference for the student in church history and the development of doctrines.

TEN GREAT RELIGIONS. Part II. A Comparison of All Religions, by James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Octavo, 413 pp., \$3.00. The present volume embodies the lectures of its author, delivered during the winter of 1881-2 before the Lowell Institute, and is a supplement to the previous well-known volume bearing the same general title. The previous volume presented a general survey of the leading religious systems in existence; the present seeks to present the views of the different ethnic and catholic faiths upon great common elementary doctrines, such as, God, the soul, the future life, sin and salvation, duty, prayer, worship, inspiration and art. As a contribution to the literature of comparative religions, it is a work of great value, and the author has availed himself of the rich accessions in modern times from Oriental scholarship. He gives ample credit to everything that is true and elevating in these uninspired human systems, and is eminently loyal to Christianity in presenting its unsurpassable excellences. On the deity of Jesus he would widely differ from his evangelical readers, but on the question whether the world will outgrow the teaching of Jesus, he unhesitatingly shows how Christ will ultimately put all enemies under His feet, and affirms that Christianity was never so vigorous as to-day. "It is alive now in every part of the world." All men will ultimately "come to Jesus, because they find in Him the mightiest influence to lift up their inspirations to His Father and the world, the fullest revelation of pardon, peace, hope, and immortal life." The volume is a very valuable contribution to the philosophical literature of religion.

ENGLISH STYLE IN PUBLIC DISCOURSE; with Special Reference to the Usages of the Pulpit, by Austin Phelps, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2.00. For sale in Boston by Lockwood, Brooks & Co. Prof. Phelps is perpetuating his valuable services in the publication of his lectures. His previous volumes have met with good success; the present is of even more general interest. While it treats specially of style in the production and utterance of the sermon, it is rich and admirable in suggestion as to English composition, and the errors more or less common in the productions of all writers and speakers. The work is eminently practical, and full of striking illustrations. It is sufficiently popular to render it an interesting volume for the general reader, and is one of the fullest and most satisfactory treatises that we have examined upon forensic rhetoric.

It looks quite probable that the unsavory "Byron controversy" may be opened again. A new life of the brilliant and dissolute titled poet is from the press. It is entitled, *The Real Lord Byron*; New Views of the Poet's Life, by John Cordy Jeaffreson, and is published in Boston by James R. Osgood & Co. This is not intended to be a defense of Byron against the charges of Lady Byron and some of his biographers and reviewers, nor as an apology for his offenses against purity and decency, but it proposes to give a candid statement of the exact facts in his strange life-story—his early training and associations, and their effect upon him; the character of his married life and the real occasion of his separation; his after course, not disguising his reckless lawlessness, but bringing out as distinctly as possible every better quality and nobler purpose and acts of this strange man; with the history of the occasion and preparation of his chief poetic works. The writer enters at length into the discussion introduced by Mrs. Stowe, concerning his positions with much earnestness. But with all that can be said in explanation and mitigation of this unhappy life, with the fascinations of his person, his conversation, and his verse, and whatever power they may have exerted over those who came under their spell, nothing can lighten the heavy cloud that properly settles over this perverted child of genius, or render the record of his life anything but a history of shame and unwelcome in its instance.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES; or, The Story of a Speculative Adventurer, by Robert B. Roberts. Boston: The Boston Herald. This is a story of speculative fortunes, of stock-gambling, of the domestic and social life engendered under such operations. Some good comes out of this Nazareth. A daughter of the Philistines, by a sensible marriage, against the wishes and plans of her parents, is redeemed. The retribution that follows fraud and sin is properly pictured in this volume. The story is told with no inconsiderable skill, and is not without its wholesome lessons.

FROM POMERANIA TO PERU, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. 16mo, 259 pp. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The quaint, Indian-named home of "The Pommeranian" forms a portion of the title of this pretty and very interesting and amusing volume. It is not an itinerary of a tour across Europe, with an episode in Africa, but a gathering of the most striking sights and incidents that arrest the attention of the American traveler as he passes over such a route. Its pictures are true to the life, as any traveler will affirm out of his own experience, but they are told with a quaintness and vivacity that can only be reached by an expert pen. The volume will afford very attractive vacation reading.

THE BAPTISM IN FIRE; The Privilege and Hope of the Church in All Ages, by Charles Edward Smith. Introduction by Augustus H. Strong, D. D. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo. One is struck, at first, with the similarity of the title of this volume to that of the intensely interesting and very instructive work of William Arthur, "The House of Fire." In several of its chapters the theme is similar; the difference consisting only in vividness of illustration and enforcement characterizing the latter book. But quite a space of the present work is taken up with combating a "house of fire," written by a cultivated member of a sister church, or anything in worse taste, than the reference, by name, to Bishop Peck, as showing the falsity of his position in "Christianity in the Perfection," by his personal exhibition of pride and vanity in his own house. The body of the work is excellent, and its comments eminently pertinent to the hour, and without these discourses would be worthy of wide circulation.

Funk & Wagnalls publish, in their Standard Series of Religious Literature, GEORGE ELIOT, as collected by Nathan Sheppard. These were chiefly contributed to the *Westminster Review*, and are, in many respects, as remarkable illustrations of her secular metaphors, as ability as is evidenced in her strongest fictions. This fine collection of her occasional writing, in neat paper covers, is sold for 25 cents.

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS IN THEOLOGY, by Prof. Boardman, Curtis and Scott. Vol. I. Introduction, by Prof. F. H. Revell. 12mo, 217 pp. It is intended in this work, which is to be followed by others if its patronage (as we sincerely trust it may) justifies the course, to give an annual presentation of the current theological and Biblical discussions, keeping ministers and students of divinity abreast of the religious criticism of the hour, with the freshest answers of a conservative and progressive school of thought. The present volume is a valuable addition to the professional literature of a minister or a Biblical student.

From Carter & Brothers we have, as wholesome and interesting additions to the Sunday-school library, *Not for Firm*; *The Story of a Forgotten Hero*, by Emily S. Holt—embodying, in a vigorous romance, the history of Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, one of the earliest disciples of Protestantism in England. From the same house we have, *Out in the Storm*; or, *Little Messengers*; and *Ruth's Rescue*; or, *The Light in Ned's Home*, by Emily Brodie.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston, issue a new and attractive edition of a powerful religious story, entitled *MARTIN THE SKIPPER*. It is by the author of "The Watchers on the Longships," which was published a year ago. In a thrilling and stirring manner, the power of the Christian faith is shown in hours of peculiar temptations and of terrible perils. The volume is ably written, and is positively religious in its influence. It is a good book to place in the hands of boys.

ABIDE IN CHRIST; Thoughts on the Blessed Life of Fellowship with the Son of God, by A. M. Thirteenth Thousand. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.25. This beautiful little manual contains a series of thoughtful and eminently practical meditations upon the intimate and divine relation between the saint and his Saviour. It is a sweet and profitable companion for hours of devotion, and will be a comfort and a counselor to many of our hearts seeking richer communion with Christ.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have gathered several of the shorter stories of the late Edward P. Ross, contributed heretofore to periodicals, and published them in a neat little volume, entitled *AN UNEXPECTED RESULT, AND OTHER STORIES*. These shorter papers are in the popular author's best style, and will be appreciated by his thousands of readers.

Lee & Shepard issue a volume by Amanda M. Douglass, bearing the title of *WHOM KATIE MARRIED*. It forms the sequel to previous volumes which have pictured Katie's life from her childhood. Katie came near making a monstrous mistake in her choice of a husband, but she finally married the right man, and the great satisfaction of the reader as well as of herself. Miss Douglass is a favorite writer, pure and wholesome.

The National Temperance Society has just published a very interesting volume, entitled *OLD FATHER TEMPERANCE*, by Ernest Gilmore. It portrays the life of a well-ordered Christian family contrasted with another of a worldly, selfish type, and tells the story of the blessed results of practical Christian benevolence in rescuing, as brands from the burning, victims of intemperance, and in helping them upward to useful, noble lives. 12mo, 265 pp. Price \$1. N. Y. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 15 Beade Street, New York city. For sale in Boston by J. P. Magee.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish an excellent manual, *FOR FAMILY WORSHIP*, edited by Lyman Abbott, D. D. 12mo, 44 pp. It is made up of judicious selections from all portions of the Old and New Testaments, specially adapted to family and devotional reading, with a large and appropriate selection of prayers for daily and occasional use. We know of no better compilation for the purpose intended. In many families, where the head is at the head, and shrinks from extemporaneous prayers, this volume will enable her to conduct with comfort and profit the family devotions. The Scripture selections are wisely made.

A BOOK ABOUT ROSES; How to Grow Them, by S. Reynolds. New York: William S. Ginn & Co. 16mo, 326 pp. The present is a reprint from the seventh English edition of a popular work upon rose culture. It is issued at a seasonable hour, and will be welcomed by the thousands of lovers of the imperial and fragrant flower. The book covers the whole subject of species, soils, manures, daily cultivation, selection, arrangement and exhibition, varieties, and is written in an attractive style, and will be a favorite hand-book.







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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1883.

Amid the whirl of business, the rush of giddy multitudes into the pleasures which poison while they amuse, how fitting is this prayer of John Keble:—  
"By all the grace Thy heavens still hide,  
We pray Thee keep us at Thy side,  
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!"

It has been said, somewhat quaintly, that some men professing Christian discipleship have been "whitewashed rather than regenerated by Christianity." This odd rhetoric can only apply to men who have put on the form of godliness, but have not sought its power. Such men are the whitened sepulchres rebuked by Christ, fair to human view, but to the eye of Him who searcheth all things inwardly filled with corruption. Alas! for such men when they shall be made to stand in the presence of the infinite Judge whose radiant face shining upon them will reveal to them their inner selves. Terrified by the sight of their own vileness, they will shrink from His presence, vainly crying for some secret place in which to hide themselves from the insufferable blaze of His glory. Hence, O formalist, the wisest thing for thee to do, is to go to-day and wash in that fountain of atoning blood from which thou mayest emerge with a soul as white as the freshly-fallen snow.

A late number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a wretched bit of criticism on Longfellow, which seeks to depreciate him because, forsooth, he wrote "didactic" poetry. "This age," the critic says, "professes to believe in art for art's sake; the artist must not be conscious of any purpose." But Longfellow had a purpose to make his poetic skill the minister not of beauty only, but of truth, goodness and purity. His critic is offended at this, because he belongs to "an age which is horrified at what has been wittily [wickedly?] called the illicit conveyance of useful knowledge, and which looks upon preaching out of church as savoring of impudence." Hence, he says, "we have handed his poems over to that class of readers upon whose shelves they stand by the side of the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress." This spleenful utterance reveals the skeptical animus of the critic, but it cannot hurt Longfellow's poetic reputation. Rather it exalts it, by conceding that his poems rank high among minds which are sufficiently cultured and freed from infidel prejudices to appreciate the literary and poetic beauty of the Bible and of Bunyan's immortal Pilgrim. As to this horrible critic's twaddle about believing in "art for art's sake," it is well met by Ruskin's remark, that "wherever art is practiced for its own sake, there is an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues . . . in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle."

Men to whom business life is a perplexing labyrinth with no clue by which they can find an outlet, are apt to vex their souls by asking, Why are men born to trouble? Other men whose bodies are afflicted with torturing diseases add to their pains by fretfully inquiring, Why did Heaven make us such as we are? Still others, whose days are spent in severe toil, tear their hearts on the thorny question, Why must men eat bread by the sweat of their brows? Why are they so unequally placed? These inquiries are natural, but it is very foolish for men to use them as knives with which to wound their souls. There is no satisfactory reply to them but that of Holy Writ, which teaches that sin is the accursed mother of every human grief and pain. This is all we know, or can know, since Nature is dumb when we address her with such questions. Why, then, should men beat their brains against facts which the most skeptical reasonings cannot change? Does not reason bid us not to repine, not to rush upon the "bosses of God's buckler," but rather to seek refuge in that infinite grace which offers rest to weary consciences, solace to the afflicted, and eternal repose in heaven to the sons of toil? Above all, does not common-sense urge every man to diminish the weight of his present woes by refusing to do what God forbids, to avoid those sins which every

man knows are the things which hurt? Yes, sin hurts, but God's mercy heals by transforming its victims into saints.

Why is it that, notwithstanding all that is so wisely said in Scripture about the folly and unsatisfactoriness of mammon worship, men will persist in sacrificing themselves, even their eternal hopes, before its gilded shrine? Is it not because their senses deceive them? Viewed in the distance, they who roll in riches seem happy. But are they? Is superabundance a blessing? One poet says of it:—

"Sometimes I think  
The happiness of man lies in pursuing,  
Not in possessing; for the things possessed  
Lose half their value."  
Another poet, in more homely phrases, says:—  
"Tis an old lesson. Time approves it true,  
And they who know it best deplore it most.  
When all is won that all desire to woo,  
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost."

These are the voices of experience which undeceive the senses and confirm the testimony of Scripture concerning the utter impossibility of finding peace and satisfaction in a world which "is passing away." Hence sensible men will strive to correct the impressions much wealth makes on the senses, by viewing every earthly thing by the pure light which shines from God through Holy Scripture. The philosophy of happiness is to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" gathering only as much of this world as can be gained without losing that righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost which make up the glory of that divine kingdom.

## WE COLOR OUR OWN PERSPECTIVE.

How different the impressions received by different persons looking upon the same scene! And this is particularly true in reference to the moral aspects of the hour. One man sees everything in a hopeful light. He is not unaware of obstacles, but they offer no discouragement to him. They will simply try his mettle. He knows he can overcome them, and anticipates his victory as he addresses himself to the struggle. He has confidence in God and in the truth, and does not for a moment doubt to which side the triumph will ultimately come. Another man sees only the discouraging elements in his path. They are insurmountable in his estimation. Defeat is only a question of time, and the struggle to avoid it is simply hopeless.

How many illustrations of these two temperaments we see at the present hour! To one man, our sacred Sabbath is gone forever; it can never be recovered. Recreation and business, Sunday newspapers and excursions, have asserted their right to claim the hitherto consecrated hours, and they will never relax their grasp. The Bible is to be torn in pieces by unhallowed hands. Destructive criticism will snatch away one book after another, and its ancient sanctity and unity will be lost to the coming generations. To such a person orthodox truth is being sapped at its foundation. One vital doctrine after another is being called in question. The sanctions of faith and unbelief are so weakened that men are unmoved by the preaching of the pulpit. Indeed, to their minds, the power of the house of God to win and hold the people is broken. Congregations are small, and the average of conversions seems to confirm the opinion that the saving of souls is a lost art in the church. To many such persons there is only one foundation for hope in the future, and that is, the expectation of the early second appearance of the Son of God and a new dispensation.

To one of an unclouded mind, of firm faith in God and prophecy, the moral aspect of things wears a very different coloring. He is not unfamiliar with the history of redemption. This is not the first hour (nor the darkest by far) when the faith of some has become weak, and the forces of evil have seemed to conspire with some prospect of success. But he has seen how, in a moment almost, this appearance has changed under the breath of the Almighty. The Spirit is poured forth in our cities, and Tremont Temple becomes a temple to God, and a minister of Christ preaches from the stage of the Bowers in New York, while business subsidies for awhile and thousands of persons are added to the churches in a few weeks. With such a bestowment, which is certainly within the resources of heaven, and also within the scope of devout prayer, and the winter of Christian discouragement and despair would change to a mellowing spring and fruitful summer. Such an event changed the whole moral aspect of England in the last century, gave to the church all its wide-wide charities, replaced formalism with heartfelt experimental piety, and opened the whole earth to the preaching of the Gospel. The force of that revival is not exhausted to-day.

Nothing would serve to reanimate the Sabbath, the pulpit, the prayer-meeting, the growing statistics of the church, more certainly than such an

event as this. The world around, in a degree, would go on as heretofore, but the quickened and renewed disciples, and the fresh accessions to their body from the unbelieving crowds, would return to their neglected sanctuaries and make anew the Sabbath a sacred delight. The Bible would be found unshorn of its inspired pages, and the vital truths of the Gospel would become, not a simple matter of intellectual belief, but a divine experience. No sincere believer in the Word of God can doubt the possibility, or the probability, of such an early divine habitation of the church of God by a fresh breath of the Spirit from on high.

But looking upon the moral aspect of the world as it is at this hour, only diseased faith can despair. The great body of Christian believers are loyal to the Bible, to the Sabbath, to the church of Christ, and to the truth as it is in Jesus. There is an amazing vitality even in modern Christianity, worldly and comparatively weak as it seems to be. The church does not stagger under the vast idea, which every year is coming to be better apprehended, of the world's redemption to Christ. There is no falling off, on the whole, in her charities, but a constant gain. Without great religious movements, she more than holds her own. Her Bibles never were circulated so widely nor in such numbers. Thousands of her pulpits draw crowded and impressed audiences. The poor and the wretched have the Gospel preached to them. The general morals and devotion of the church were never higher than now. Unbelief has little power. Its successful advocates are readily counted. The criticism of Christianity and the Bible can never gather a permanent church for its cultivation, but the heart of man now (and ever will) pants after the living God and cannot feed upon husks. There is an evident reaction from unbelief, and only a new effusion of grace from on high is necessary to make men wearied of their "wells which can hold no water" and hasten their return to the living spring which Christ alone can open in the human soul.

It may be an evil to have too sanguine a ministry; to have one too hopeful and constantly seeing double; but a thousand times over such a ministry to be preferred to one which only looks upon the dark side of Providence, and is forever preaching a gospel of despair. The word of the Lord to Israel is, "Go forward!"

## WOMAN'S WORK IN ASIA AND AFRICA.

The late war in Egypt has been the means of calling the attention of European Christians to the great significance of the good work being done in the above-named countries by the missionary women from the famous institution of deaconesses at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine.

When the Europeans of Alexandria were being massacred by the fanaticism of the Mohammedans, on the one hand, and endangered by the bombardment of the English vessels on the other, all fled from the ill-fated city except the devoted German women of the Alexandria Hospital, who remained at their post through great danger to serve the sick and the miserable of people strange to them by nation and religion. This great proof of self-sacrificing love for humanity was more than a mere sentiment, and could only be called into life by the Christian teachings of the noble man who founded the institution that produced such pupils.

The fame of their effective work in Germany reached the ears of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, who for some time plead with Fliedner for a delegation to found a hospital in that city; and in the year 1851, when it was visited by a severe scourge and many were dying for want of ordinary care, he came with four deaconesses to Palestine. King Frederick William the Fourth, of Prussia, who helped to sustain this bishopric, assisted them to erect a hospital, which was finally transferred to Mount Zion, where the sick and suffering of all nations and confessions were received.

The Mohammedans at first regarded the enterprise with contempt, but this feeling soon gave way to respect, so that now some seven hundred persons are nursed there yearly—among them Protestants and Catholics, Greeks and Russians, Jews and Abyssinians, Maronites and Kopts; and more than one-third of them Mohammedans. And, besides these, 7,500 yearly receive outside assistance in medicines and other means.

But this is now simply one branch of the labors of these deeply pious Christian women. They soon saw the miserable condition of the Mohammedan girls, and resolved to educate as many of them as they could for this benevolent work among their own people. They have now their own house for this purpose, which they

have significantly named "Talitha Cumi," and in which they have about one hundred children to whom they teach the Arabic and the German languages in the first place, as a medium for their further training. The most of these girls grow up to be Christian housewives and mothers, some are trained for teachers, and again others become deaconesses for the hospitals of Constantinople, Beyroot and other eastern cities.

In this latter city their work has been very successful. They were called thither by a very loud voice at the time of the massacre of so many of the Maronites in 1880, and money was sent to them from nearly all European lands by sympathizing Christians. They first built a house to shelter the widows and orphans, and then went into the hospitals of the order of St. John as skilled nurses. When matters again became settled, they resolved to establish a permanent orphanage on the Lebanon, with a view to make it a focus of Christian influence for the entire region. To-day it has one hundred and thirty children permanently within its walls and under its care; and at the earnest solicitation of many of the wealthier families, an annex has been established for the education of girls, in which there are now employed seven deaconesses and a corps of assistants, who have one hundred and twenty paying pupils. This is a source of income for them in their benevolent work, and greatly increases their power and Christian influence.

So great is now the confidence in the fidelity and competency of these "Sisters of Kaiserswerth," as they are often called, that many of the principal cities of the Levant are competing for their presence. The most important and influential city of Asia Minor, Smyrna, has now its institution, controlled by the deaconesses, called into life by nearly all the foreign merchants of that port. They have a great task to answer all the requirements of so many nationalities, but they succeed better than any others have done; for they soon become popular with the fanatical masses who at first violently oppose them on account of their religion, but end by accepting their services for the education of their children and the care of their sick. There, also, they now have an orphanage, which they care for in addition to all their other duties, and they are also zealous in extending their mercy to the poor and sick of the city.

The very mob soon learns to respect such Christianity, and is forced to accept it for their children and their sick, however much they themselves may rise up against it in times of excitement and outbursts of fanaticism. The most effective work has been done in Alexandria, to which post these ladies returned as soon as hostilities ceased, the English having forced them to leave in the worst of the conflict in order to save their lives.

Some twenty-five years ago the foreign consuls of Alexandria entreated Fliedner to establish a hospital there, and assisted him with means and counsel to erect in the healthiest portion of the city a suitable building. This was soon so full that additional buildings became necessary; and thus it has grown until at present it is one of the most conspicuous and useful institutions of that city. The blessings that it confers on residents and strangers may be inferred from its recent report, just issued by the mother-house at Kaiserswerth. During the year last past there were received 1,143 patients; among these were 66 Germans, 113 Englishmen, 12 Scandinavians, 6 Frenchmen, 19 Swiss, 54 Italians, 42 Austrians, 23 Russians, 134 Greeks, 161 Alexandrians and 220 other Egyptians, 93 Turks, 3 East Indians, 1 Chinaman, etc. Besides all this piteous population of the establishment, the sisters have aided external patients up to date to the number of 21,659. With this colossal work and comparative influence it is no wonder that the German deaconesses are fast becoming a Christian missionary element of great dimensions. They now seem more than ever likely to grow in influence and numbers throughout the East, as their efficiency and success become known.

**BISHOP PECK.**  
Bishop Jesse Truesdell Peck, after his long and severe illness, peacefully passed from earth last Thursday. His death had been looked for at any moment for several days. Of his final hours the accompanying letter from his nephew will bear interesting testimony. He was a noble man, impressive in form, catholic in spirit, an able and eloquent preacher, devoutly pious, consecrated to his work, and eager unto the last to render every possible service in the Master's vineyard. His health has hardly been sound since his election as a bishop of the church, but he has been abundant in labor, ready to meet the requisitions of his high office when it called him to distant portions of his own country, or to Europe. He loved to preach, he enjoyed all the evangelical work of the ministry, and discoursed freely within the limits of his conferences, always loving to attend the social ser-

monies. He was careful and economical in the use of his income, that he might have more to bestow upon the institutions and charities of the church. He believed in the largest possibilities of the grace of the Gospel, and enjoyed in his own experience the richest benedictions of the Comforter. He has long been a conspicuous person in the important places and councils of the church. He was born in Middlefield, N. Y., April 4, 1811, and has consequently just completed his 72d year. He was converted when a lad of sixteen, and educated at Casnovia, where his brother, Dr. George Peck, was principal. He joined the Onondaga Conference in 1832, and continued in the pastoral work until 1837, when he became principal of Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary. In 1841 he accepted the principalship of Troy Conference Academy at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was elected to General Conference in 1844, and took a prominent part in its memorable discussions. From 1848 to 1852 he was president of Dickinson College. He was then for two years pastor of Foundry Church, Washington, secretary of the Tract Society in 1854, a pastor again and efficient agent of the Syracuse University until he was elected Bishop in 1872. He has been a frequent writer in our periodicals, and the author of "The Central Idea of Christianity," "The True Woman," "What Must I Do to be Saved?" and "The History of the Great Republic."

His nephew writes from Syracuse, N. Y., May 17:—  
"To all human appearances Bishop Peck is near the end of his earthly pilgrimage. On the 8th of May I came from my charge in Buffalo at his request, to arrange some matters of business and write out at his dictation various reminiscences that he considered important, such as had not previously been committed to my care with his papers and journals. For several days we worked at this according to his own plan, until his hard coughing, difficult breathing, and failing strength compelled him to cease all work but to rest. For three days he has been failing so perceptibly that he must say farewell to earth ere long, unless a change takes place for the better. Under exhaustion of the vital forces, and imperfect action of the heart, render him extremely liable, as he says himself, 'to drop away at any moment.' The gradual filling of the plural cavity on the right side with a dropical effusion increases the complication and danger. To assume a horizontal position so interferes with his respiration that he is compelled to keep his rocking chair mostly night and day. Satisfactory sleep and rest are thus rendered impossible in his present condition. Notwithstanding this fact, nothing that could be called complaint escapes his lips, while, on the other hand, the sunshine of Christian peace and hope illumines his soul and sweetens his limited conversation. To some members of the family who manifested considerable emotion at his room over his increasing helplessness, he said, 'You are becoming alarmed.' I said, 'You are not.' He replied, 'No, I am not. I have with me the Prince of Peace; I'm the child of a King.' On Sunday last, in the midst of physical suffering and bodily weakness which were trying our best to relieve, he said very deliberately, 'My soul has no lack.' On overbearing us express some concern for his pains and afflictions should become insupportable, he looked up with surprise and asked, 'Where are my afflictions?' Brethren and beloved Bishop! His trust in God is so complete that he finds no afflictions in the piercing shafts of the 'grim monster,' death. He finds that these 'light afflictions' are as a momentary clouding of the 'eternal weight of glory.' At the writing he is peacefully unconscious of much that is said to him and done for him, but he calls some of us by name and says but little else, having already given utterance to many beautiful thoughts of the great hereafter."

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## BRIEF MENTION.

—Prof. E. S. Shumway, of the State Normal School, Potsdam, N. Y., is making Latin a familiar if not a living language by his neat little monthly—*Latin*. It must be as grateful as it is serviceable to the classical student.

—An interesting account of the meeting of the ministers of Boston district, called in Tremont Temple last February, with a large number of conversation upon revival work in the churches, came too late for insertion in this paper.

—The Congregational Year Book reports 1,198 ministers unemployed, and 1,023 churches without a pastor. The conundrum is, how to bring demand and supply together. The Methodists know how this is done, and make no secret of it.

—The *Sideral Messenger* for May, conducted by Prof. W. W. Payne, of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., has its usual collection of short, free discussions of the latest astronomical topics, and a large amount of editorial miscellany. \$2 a year.

—The Northern Presbyterian General Assembly was in session last week in Saratoga. We hope to hear of its doings from our able correspondent in that noted watering-place.

—*Mastery* is a new weekly magazine for young people, devoted to the gathering and description of wholesome pastimes for the house and out of doors, with illustrations. It is published at 842 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

—Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, who has been confined at home during several years by illness, was present at the great Tabernacle, May 6, and heard her husband preach in the morning.

—The Minneapolis daily papers report the very able and successful labors of Rev. F. J. Wagner, late of the New England Conference, now pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church, Minneapolis. On the Sabbath, May 13, he delivered a powerful temperance discourse in his church, denouncing the last folly of "high license."

—It is very evident that a local option prohibition bill will pass the British Parliament at an early date. It is a hopeful indication that the diminution of the sale of alcoholic drinks has come to make a serious impression upon the excise tax arising from it. No lover of his race can regret this.

—The Citizens' Law and Order League of the United States publish in a pamphlet the proceedings of the national convention held in Tremont Temple last February, with the constitution and officers of the society. This movement is a national effort both to secure good laws for the protection of society and to see that they are enforced.

—The *Southern Pulpit* for May has well-filled departments of Sermons, Homiletic Section, Expository Section, Suggestions on Texts, and Homiletic Illustrations. Some notable preachers and writers are among the contributors. Subscription, \$1.50. Address *Southern Pulpit*, Richmond, Va.

—We learn that at the request of the graduating class President Warren has consented to preach a Baccalaureate Sermon before the officers, students and friends of Boston University in Tremont Temple, on Sunday afternoon, June 3. This being the first discourse of the kind, it will be a favorable opportunity for setting forth some of the religious ideas for which the institution is supposed to stand. We doubt not that it will be improved.

—We have received copies of several recently published tracts from the pen of Rev. Matthew W. Willing, A. M., a city missionary in New York, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The subjects are: "Atheism Absurd," "Materialism Untrue," etc. They exhibit much force of argument and per-

sonence of illustration. Members of the class of '41 in Wesleyan University, Middletown, will readily recall, under the above reverend title, our familiar "Brother Willing."

—Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have issued upon a handsome two-leaved card a fac-simile of two verses of the original autograph of "Home, Sweet Home," with an admirable pencil portrait of the poet—John Howard Payne. Coming from the press just at this hour when the memory of the poet has been recalled by the transference of his remains from Africa to his native land, it becomes a timely and grateful souvenir. It is sold for 25 cents a copy.

—John B. Alden issues his *Choice Literature* for May, containing nearly a hundred octavo pages of substantial contributions, largely from leading English periodicals, for the regular weekly issue of his *Elverly Library*, at from 6 to 15 cents each, or \$5 a year, giving 16mo paper-covered volumes, such as "Horace," "Aristotle," "Plato," "Alexander H. Stephens," "The Song of the Bell," etc.

—The *Magazine of Art*, for June, has for its frontispiece, Rosa Triple, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Among its finely-illustrated articles are, "Bastien-Lepage, Painter and Psychologist," "San Francisco," "Women at Work," "More About Benvenuto Cellini," "Out of Doors in Surrey," "Musical Instruments as Works of Art," "Ultimus Romanorum," etc. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

—Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, of Washington, D. C., who was to the "manner born," continues in the May number of the *Granite Monthly* his very interesting historical and biographical sketch of Methodism in Portsmouth, N. H. He has recovered and preserved dates and incidents of glorious men of a former day whose memory had become like the vision of a fading cloud.

—The Bishops had a very hearty reception in Pittsburgh at their session, and were abundant in public services. Bishop Simpson, in a short response to the formal welcome at the opening of their session, remarked that he looked upon himself as a Pittsburgher. He found his wife there; it was his home for seven years after his election as Bishop; fifty years ago (July, 1833) he was admitted into the Pittsburgh Conference; and in Pittsburgh he buried his father.

—The neatly-published and able organ of the Academy of the New Church—*Words for the New Church*—continues its elaborate presentation of the conflicts of the ancient and Christian Church with its external and internal foes. In the number just issued it treats of the "Conflicts in the Eastern Church," its struggles with Mohammedanism, and the influence of the revival of Grecian and Arabic learning. This number also contains a large collection of miscellaneous reviews and notices. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

—Rev. E. S. Chase, formerly of the New England Conference, but now of the California, has been granted a vacation during the months of June and July by his church in Los Angeles. He proposes to spend these months in New York and in this State. He will be happy to communicate any information desired in reference to the Pacific coast. A lecture upon this theme would be most entertaining and profitable, and would be appreciated in many places. Bro. Chase can be addressed at 92 Warren St., New York City.

—Rev. Joseph Hammond advertises in another column "The People's Photography," in which he believes he has greatly simplified the "reporter's art" by "new methods," after much study and experimenting. We are not sufficiently acquainted, we are sorry to say, with this valuable art to be able to speak as an expert. It bears on its face, however, the evidences of a well-considered system. The author thinks a twelve-year-old boy can readily master it. We heartily advise every boy to try it.

—It would seem that the community would need few more warnings of the folly and danger of having pistols about the person or house. This last instance of the sudden death of the lovely and estimable Mrs. Stoddard has given the whole community a terrible shock. The honored father and mother of Mrs. Stoddard are our neighbors in Newton. The whole neighborhood has been moved with the tenderest sympathy in their behalf. It is better a hundred-fold to be robbed than to have such an event as this occur. There is no more case in a thousand where a pistol saves its owners or punishes a burglar. There are hundreds where it injures members of the family. Put it out!

—We are pained to learn of the death of Mrs. H. E. Goodwin, the venerable mother of Mr. John R. Goodwin, formerly of Boston—a member of Tremont St. Church—now of Brooklyn, N. Y., whom many of the readers of the *HERALD* will remember. Mrs. Goodwin was for many years a resident of this city



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E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.  
NEW YORK JAN. 17TH, 1881.

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Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent, equivalent to  
10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.  
Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless  
introduced as free acid, but subsequently  
combined with ammonia, and exists in the  
Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.  
E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.  
NEW YORK JAN. 17TH, 1881.

The above shows conclusively that "Cleveland's  
Superior" is a strictly pure Cream of  
Tartar Baking Powder. It has also been  
analyzed by Professor Johnson of Yale Col-  
lege; Dr. Genth of the University of Penn-  
sylvania; President Morton of the Stevens  
Institute; Wm. M. Hulse, F. C. S.;  
Analyst for the Chemical Trade of New York,  
and other eminent chemists, all of whom pro-  
nounce it absolutely pure and healthful.

216

No Risk, Solid 10 per Cent

For Circulars address the  
Central Illinois Financial Agency, Jacksonville, Illinois.

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ROBAL  
BANKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity,  
purity and wholesomeness. More economical  
than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in com-  
petition with the multitude of low test, short weight,  
alum or phosphate powders. Send only cash.  
Rev. J. W. WING, Secretary,  
Payette, Me.

217

THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST ANALYZES  
two of the leading Baking Powders,  
and what he finds them made of.  
I have examined samples of "Cleveland's  
Superior Baking Powder" and "Royal Baking  
Powder," purchased by myself in this  
city, and I find they contain:  
"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour  
Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent,  
equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz.  
of Powder.  
"Royal Baking Powder."  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch  
Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent,  
equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz.  
of Powder.  
Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent, equivalent to  
10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.  
Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless  
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